The Baltimore Weekly Magazine.

For ev'ry palate is our Banquet fit;
Replete with Morals, Hiſt'ry, News & Wit.

SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1800.

For the BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

—ILDEGERTE—

[*Continued from page 25.*]

AFTER forwarding his letter to Ildegerte, Swend returned to his tent with a leſs burthened mind; and viewing with delight for awhile the burniſhed and dazzling armor of his warriors,

"He vaulted on his charger, and flew with naked ſword to the head of his army. The troops received him with a joyful ſhout."

This was the young king's firſt campaign, and he was eager for the onſet. A number of his braveſt warriors encircled him—

"Old Tott brandiſhed his glittering ſword above his head with youthful ſtrength, and hark! the trumpet's warlike clangor ſtruck the ear from each end of the troops."

The king, inflamed at the ſight, panted for the engagement, but the veteran Tott knew too well the advantage of cool intrepid valor over the fury of youthful ardor to ſuffer the king to attack as yet; but marched forward

"Slow and determined like the dark cloud which bears the vengeful lightning in its breaſt."

In the meantime Canfried was not inactive, but flew from wing to wing of his army, exhorting his men to perform their duty, and inflaming their avarice by holding out the idea of plunder. And now the fight had begun, and the Norwegians were forcing their way through the retreating ranks of Sweden: Tott and his ſon Uſſo performed prodigies of valor; Swend piled the plain with dead. Canfried in vain attempted to rally the retreating cowards; deſpair adding vigor to his arm, he, followed by a band of raſh youths, hewed his way into the thickeſt of the battle, until they reached the ſpot where Swend was dealing death around him—

"Art thou here," cried Canfried in a voice of thunder, "thou cradle warrior who haſt dared to match thyſelf with me? Advance thou fiery ſtripling, nor crouch inglorious thus beneath the bucklers of thy knights! Advance and meet a man."

Swend retorted, and ruſhed forward to meet his foe; but the knights who followed him wiſhed to prevent him, and requeſted that he would not thus put his life in competition with a villain's, deſiring him to have one of the baggage-boys called, in order to fell the Swediſh monarch with a tent-ſtaff. Canfried, furious on hearing this contumelious language, cried out to his followers—

"Advance! Advance! revenge this inſult offered to your king."

On which a few hundred fell on the valiant knights of Swend conſiſting of about twenty, who ſold their lives dearly, not one of whom but fell and ſlew five of his enemy. Swend now remained alone, at a conſiderable diſtance from his army. Canfried called out to him to yield, Swend anſwered with his ſword—and now a furious combat enſued, which for a long time continued doubtful; but Canfried at length raiſing his ſword to conclude the contention by one mortal blow, "Swend perceived an opening where the armlets faſten to the corſlet;" he parried the deſcending ſtroke, and would inſtantly have ſlain his rival, had not a miſcreant from behind ſtruck him with a mace upon the head. Swend fell from his horſe; an old Swediſh knight ſlew the coward that cauſed his death; then bending to the fallen monarch, unclaſped his viſor, but

"His features ſwam in blood—his eye was broken."

Swend uttered a few words and expired.

[*To be continued.*] to page 105

PROLOGUE TO HARLEQUIN FREE-MASON.

[Written by Mr. Mitchell.]

Spoken by Mrs. Francis in the character of Columbine.

IT is the faſhion—and it has been long—
When folks write verſe, to moralize the ſong:
And not confin'd to verſe you may ſuppoſe,
In tale or fable, 'tis the ſame in proſe.
But ſince a moral, vice's antidote,
Cannot be cramm'd, like phyſic, down the throat;
Why may not pantomime partake th' applauſe,
And be of ſome ſmall uſe to virtue's cauſe?
A maid you find, our ſcenic fiction done,
Purſu'd by folly, and by virtue won;
And avarice plays here a loſing game—
Would that the world could always ſhew the ſame.
But why confine the ſtage to proſe or rhyme,
One half the world goes on in pantomime:—
When rich old Miſers die, their heirs, good lack,
Put ſorrow on their back in decent black.
As for our beaus, they're nature's harlequins,
With taſſel'd boots to hide their crooked ſhins;
Above a ſnug round cauliflower appears,
And pads engulph their chins, and prop their ears.
A lady now—a dear delicious creature,
Is often pantomime in dreſs and feature:
"Ha! George—what charming creature's that?"—"that! where?"
"Acroſs the ſtreet—why dam'me, how you ſtare!
"Is ſhe your ſiſter?" "Siſter (cries the other)
"Gadslife! ſir—where's your eyes? that's my grandmother."
Love that ſo often female hearts beguiles,
Is far more dangerous when it lurks in ſmiles;
In nods and leers converſe our belles and beaux,
And little maſter treads on miſſes toes.
But what have we with *Maſonry* to do—?
Aye—that is ſtill a *Myſtery* to you.
For my part I proteſt I cannot tell
The *Secret* that the *Brethren* keep ſo well:
I know no more of ſecrets, on my life,
Than every man diſcloſes to his wife.
But all mankind ſhould brothers be thus far,
To guide their actions by juſt *Rule* and *Square*;
Of *Truth* and *Love* to make a *perfect joint*,
And let their *plummet* fall on honor's point.

HISTORY OF PAULINE DE RIVIERES.

[A FACT.]

[*Continued from page* 45.]

PAULINE, after the departure of her father, reſigned herſelf wholly to the influence of affliction. The count, while endeavouring to pour the balm of comfort into her wounded heart, was pleaſed with the exceſs of ſenſibility—Critical judge of human nature, he knew that in the moment of ſorrow the heart is more feelingly alive to tender ſenſations; and, if the expreſſion may be allowed, more *Porous* than in the hour of feſtivity and of joy. In the firſt flow of grief, he told her not "the tale of love;" but his attention ſo unwearied, his aſſiduity ſo delicate, could not fail to produce ſentiments of gratitude, of friendſhip—

A friendſhip in woman is ſiſter to love.

The lenient, aſſuaſive power of time, her own endeavours, and the count's diligence, at length reſtored her to ſome degree of tranquility which received additional ſtrength from her protector's repeated aſſurances of the ſpeedy return of her father.

It was on one of thoſe evenings when the wind, as if unwilling to diſturb the lulling ſtillneſs and ſerenity, ſteals through the grove in gentle ſighs, ſcarce touching the leaf that ſoftly whiſpers reſponſive to the breeze, Pauline was tempted to enjoy the univerſal calm, the count accompanying her. A boſom of apathy indeed muſt he poſſeſs, who on ſuch an evening feels no increaſe of ſweet emotion. It was not ſo with Pauline—Every fibre of her heart thrilled with delight and harmony. Will it derogate from her virtue to ſay, that, for a moment her father was forgotten? The count felt that the time was favourable; and he was reſolved that it ſhould not eſcape him—he diſcloſed a tale, "*ſoft as the zephyr's ſighs.*" It was heard without anger—it was anſwered with a permiſſion of hope.

The count had now laid a foundation, on which his future ſchemes were to be erected. Next day a letter came from De Rivieres to his daughter—replete with the obligations which the count had conferred on him—and with the promiſes he had received from the miniſter, in conſequence of ſo powerful a recommendation. Pauline was in rapture, and the count was not leſs enchanted with the ſmiles ſhe beſtowed on him. A ſhort *elyſian* month ſucceeded; and each day was now expected to reſtore a beloved father to his daughter's longing arms. One morning, after the expiration of the month, the count paid his accuſtomed viſit earlier than uſual: his brow was clouded—melancholy was ſtrongly marked in every expreſſive feature. Pauline beheld the change, and her boſom panted with quivering fear.—"Any new intelligence from my father?" ſhe exclaimed in an eager, yet tremulous tone of voice—"I have letters, Pauline, from Paris;—but"—"Oh! give them to me, my father—no accident has happened to him!"—The count was ſilent, but taking from his pocket a letter, delivered it to her trembling hands. For a mo-

ment she held it, fearful of breaking the seal—a tear fell on the superscription. At length, with a kind of wild impatience, she tore it open. Scarce, however, had she cast her eyes on the first line, when she sank lifeless on the floor. Some hours elapsed ere she was restored to reason and to woe. On opening her eyes, she threw them round the room, —"My father!—Oh! my father in prison!"—The exclamation produced a return of fainting fits, which continued during the remainder of the day. At night "*tired nature's sweet restorer*" closed her eye-lids: and the next morning she awoke with somewhat more calmness, though with a heart overwhelmned in the depth of sorrow.

The count suffered the first flow of grief to pass without interruption. He then waited on her, in obedience to her own request.—Grief, he observed, had made great ravages on her cheeks; but in stealing thence the rose, it had left, in the drooping lily, a more fascinating charm, a stronger expression of tenderness. Pauline began by informing him of her determination to set off instantly for Paris, in order to alleviate the distresses of her father by sharing them. The count endeavoured first to persuade her from her purpose, by painting the horrors of a prison in the most gloomy colours. Pauline shuddered at the picture;—but her resolution was not weakened. The count then informed her, that her father in his letter to him, had commanded her not to visit him. Pauline was surprised—she wept—she sighed—but the command of a father she kept sacred. Feeling an irresistible impulse to give full vent to sorrow, she rose, and apologizing to the count for leaving him, retired to her chamber.—There she indulged in all the "*luxury of woe.*" Often was she tempted to commit an act of disobedience: as often the commands of her father returned to her recollection with increased force, and made her resolve at length not to violate them. For two succeeding days the count did not make his appearance—She thought his absence extraordinary—she felt it unkind. The third day his servant brought a letter from him: it contained but this short sentence; "Pauline! the fate of your fa-"ther is in your hands;—it is in your power to unbolt his "prison doors, and to restore him to liberty and happiness."—— DE B——."

Pauline read the lines with sensations of ecstacy, and desired to see the count immediately—He came—she pressed him to explain himself—he obeyed with some hesitation;—offered to pay her father's debts;—but the return he demanded was her person. She started with horror at the infamous proposal,—cast a most indignant frown at the count,—but remained silent. His former softness, his wonted delicacy, seemed now to have vanished.—With the most supercilious air, he exclaimed, "Triumph then, madam, in your virtue, since it keeps a father in prison;" and immediately walked out of the room.

Pauline, who had with difficulty restrained her tears from flowing, now gave them copious vent. Lamentable, indeed, was her situation! separated from an imprisoned father, and convinced that she had given her affections to an object totally unworthy of them, yet in the miseries which her father endured, her own disappointment was almost forgotten, or seemed a trifle "*light as air.*" The departing words of the count sunk deep into her heart: she weighed her own happiness with that of her father: she doubted whether to neglect any means of setting him free deserved the name of virtue; and doubt, by the frequent indulgence of it, was at length reduced to a certainty. With a mind agitated, distracted, she wrote a short billet to the count, that she was prepared to acquiesce in his proposal. He had expected this effect, and therefore was not surprised at it. On the wings of impatience he flew to his afflicted *protegee*—he found her on her knees—hardened as his heart was, he felt a momentary sensation of pity.—Stifling it, however, he seized the hand of Pauline, and poured forth a torrent of grateful acknowledgements. She did not answer them; but disengaged her hands, lifted them up to heaven—her eyes streaming with tears—"God "of all!" she sobbed out, "thou knowest the purity of my "intentions:—on my afflicted head, Oh! therefore lay "not the heavy hand of thy displeasure!"

Of what callous materials must that man have been composed, who could have heard this awful appeal unmoved! yet it did not deter the count from his purpose: and the ruin of the hapless Pauline was in consequence completed. Her father's ransom thus dearly paid, she insisted on his immediate liberation. The count affected an instant compliance, and soon after informed her that the debts of De Rivieres were discharged; but that he intended to remain a short time in Paris on business of importance. This was not actually what she wished: she had expected a letter from her father: she wept, but was obliged to appear contented.

[*To be continued.*] to page 59

The Planter's Reason for his Cruelty to his Brethren.

OH! massa what make you so cruel to me?
Why slave me? Me fader and mudder was free!
Why 'tarve me? Why cuttee de kin off me back!
Why cuss me? Because, you d---n'd rascal, you're black.

HISTORY OF JACK SMITH.

[*Continued from page 44.*]

CHAP. II.

As when a lion on Numidian plains
Is compass'd round by dogs and clamorous swains,
He from his eyes defiance casts around,
Roars out, and proudly traverses the ground.
Demanding generous combat, does invite
The distant huntsmen to a closer fight;
They stand aloof, and missive weapons throw,
But none dare grapple with the noble foe.

BLACKMORE'S ELIZA.

READER, if from the verge of misery thou hast ever found a benefactor that saved thee from destruction, thou mayest conceive the grateful ardour that animated the poor lad to the succour of his friend. With uplifted staff he urged his horse forward. The villains, who before had little regarded him, perceived his approach with more indignation than alarm. Murder now was determined on, and they at once discharged their pistols; the balls whizzed around his head. The flash and report were the signals to the old warrior;—his drooping ears roused at the well-known sound; he snorted for the fight, and, like the attracted lightning, flew to the spot. No longer dilatory and slow, he seconded every motion of his rider, and seemed endued with the same spirit. The charge was dreadful; full upon the astonished trio the centaur rushed; in vain they avoided the double strokes; one flying the pawing forefoot reached, while the breast of a second received the indignant spurn from behind; and in a twinkling two of the wretches fell victims by the side of the Captain; the third, who was the principal, leaped over the ditch, and rushing through the hedge, hastened with all his speed across the fields. The young hero gave himself no time for thought, but regardless of every impediment, dashed over hedge and ditch, and instantly followed. In vain the pursued twisted and turned his steps, and endeavoured to intimidate horse and rider: the spirits of both once roused, were not so easily to be appalled; yet twice did the quickness of his motion escape the charge of the warriors, and twice in passing had he struck the youth upon the leg: again too, a third time he was avoiding the shock, when Vengeance, who unwillingly saw so great a villain unpunished, alighted upon the top of the young hero's cudgel, and with more than common fury urged his weapon forward; it encountered the hand which held the brandished pistol, and struck it from the grasp; but stopped not here—that part of the nose, which the learned and unlearned unite in calling the bridge, next felt its force. The shock too great for simple nature to sustain; it shrunk back to its parent the face, who in sorrow and affliction for the injury committed on its favourite, hid itself in the dust. Victory well pleased now shook her silver pinions, and the conqueror, perceiving his last opponent without motion, hastened back to look for his patron and his friend. He soon returned to the lane, which was distant about a quarter of a mile from the spot where he had overtaken the enemy; but what was his surprise, when neither the Captain or the two villains were to be seen! It was nearly dark; the field of combat was hid by the intervening hedges, and the lateness of the evening: no words had passed between the combatants, or any noise, save the galloping of a horse. Again and again did the youth traverse the lane; repeatedly did he call; not a human sound but his own voice was to be heard. Unaccustomed to the ways and manners of men, further than a common poor house can give, he was at a loss how to act: and even had he known, he was totally ignorant of his road, and could not even form an opinion which way to turn his horse. The blows he had received upon his leg began to give him some pain, and he naturally wished to find some one, of whom he might be able to enquire what he was to do. He dreaded the idea of going back to his opponent, who, whether dead or alive, he had no longer any wish to meet, and he feared the sight of every man, lest he should prove one of the gang. The dread of being called to account for what had lately happened also came into his mind, and a thousand confused thoughts of what might befal him;—parish officers, a justice, and a prison followed one another, and nothing less than a gallows terminated the scence. At last he resolved to continue up the lane, the way he was going with the Captain, and trust to chance for what might afterwards befal him. He had not proceeded far from the lane, when the distant tinkling of the sheep-bells struck his ears; 'twas the only music he had ever heard, and now was doubly grateful; it seemed as the voice of a friend: —not the mariner when first he sees his native land—nor the wretched prisoner when he hears the tidings of his liberty—not the school-boy, when the holiday morn arrives—not the country lass, when she enters the sacred church to be made an honest woman of—not the ancient sportsman, when the invigorating tally-ho nerves his shrivelled frame—in short, nothing but my heart my beloved———, when first thou smile upon me, ever felt more pleasing sensations than those that at this moment charmed his little breast. It was the only sound that had not the voice of danger; and as he listened for a moment he forgot his master, his pains, and his dangers. Instantly

he turned his horſe towards the ſpot, which lay acroſs the downs, ſeemingly at a diſtance; and as faſt as the pain in his leg permitted, which increaſed as he grew cold, haſtened forward. He had arrived within ſight of the fold, when he perceived two men on horſeback coming towards him. He wiſhed, through natural agitation of mind, to have avoided them, which they noticing, made up to him, and enquired who he was, and where he was going? The ſtrange account he gave, did not ſeem to theſe gentlemen ſatisfactory; for in relating the robbery, he had not mentioned the affray at the fair, and only ſaid as he was following his maſter, they were attacked, &c. The men were two farmers returning from the ſame fair, ſufficiently in liquor to have the higheſt opinion of themſelves, and to be wonderfully clear-ſighted. As ſuch, they immediately ſaw that the horſe was ſtolen, and apprehended him, incapable and unwilling to reſiſt; not conſidering the improbability that a poor boy, about twelve years of age, ſhould at that time of night be wandering with a ſtolen horſe acroſs the downs. They determined, therefore, to take him home as a criminal for the night, intending next morning to go before the Juſtice. What had fully ſatisfied theſe wiſeacres, who were brothers, and prevented their returning with him to the field where he left his laſt antagoniſt, was, that he could not tell the name of his maſter, but ſaid that he was taken by him from the fair, and did not know. Their houſe was not above four miles diſtant; one, therefore, took hold of his horſe's halter, and placing him between them, they were ſoon there. Having alighted they conducted him in due form to the ſtable, and leaving him to the care of two labourers, went to tell their wondrous ſtory to the females within. The houſe was quickly emptied to ſee this deſperate felon; and not a female (to their credit be it ſpoken) that did not, at the firſt view, call the ſapient takers by the deſerved appellation of fools. "Ah! John, John," ſaid their mother (for they lived with a mother and three ſiſters), "this is one of thy drunken fancies; do let the poor boy go."—"Au don't know where to go," ſaid John; "ſays has a maſter; can't tell us his name; take him before Juſtice Wills to-morrow, and get a deal of money for it."—"Why didſt thee, Tom," ſaid the mother, "let thy brother do ſo? I thought thee hadſt known better."—"Why, mother," ſaid Tom, "au has got a good ſtout horſe; muſt au ſtolen him; where ſhould he get a horſe?"—"Don't you hear, brother," ſaid one of his ſiſters, "'tis his maſter's?" "Au don't know his maſter's name," replied the clown; "nau, nau, we won't looſe any money for taking him; and then, beſides, may likely we be raked over the coals for letting um go. Here Tom and old Will ſhall ſit up and guard him; and, Bet, you get ſome beer and victuals, and gee the boy ſome; won't ſtarve him neither."—So ſaying, the brethren went in, and the women, knowing that it would be in vain to oppoſe them, began to get what information they could from the boy himſelf; in the courſe of which, perceiving him leaning againſt the wall, and in much pain, and being informed of the blows in his leg, they very humanely examined it. It was violently bruiſed; but as neither the bone was broken, nor the ſkin rubbed off, a bandage, dipped in vinegar, and braced round, greatly took off from the pain. As his tale had every appearance of truth, in that it did not vary, they comforted him with the hopes of being releaſed in the morning, and hearing ſomething of his maſter; and aſſured him, for the preſent, of a good ſupper, and a comfortable bed of clean ſtraw.

The kind females made good their words; and our little hero, after a good meal, ſoon forgot all his cares in the arms of the obliterating Deity.

[~~Finis~~ *continued.*] 58

For the BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE COTTAGER No. II.

EARLY next morning I haſtened to the reſidence of my new acquaintance; he was already up and traverſing the wood; I ſaluted him; he ſmiled and obſerved "you are punctual---but thus it ever is with youth,---novelty is their God and curioſity leads them on to worſhip it; but come, we will walk and as we proceed I will relate my ſtory. He began as follows.---

"I am, ſir, an Engliſhman by birth, of affluent and reputable parents, whoſe ſole heir I was, being an only child. I was educated in a manner ſuitable to my expectations in ſociety; having provided for me private tutors in the more abſtruſe ſciences, as well as polite accompliſhments. At an early age I loſt a mother, whom I loved with tenderneſs, but whoſe place was ably ſupplied by the beſt of fathers. Yet I now think, that the loſs of a mother in our youth, is more lametable than the deceaſe of the male parent; for often, what the ſtern commands, or ſometimes fooliſh weakneſs of a father cannot accompliſh, may be brought about by maternal ſolicitations and remonſtrances; though I cannot here avow that I have aught on the ſcore of inattention to my well being to accuſe my father with. He was neither too indulgent nor reſtrictive on my conduct, but ever dictated to me with the words of a friend. Accuſtomed by ſuch treatment to conſider every man as upright, candid and honeſt, when I arrived at a proper age to mix with the world, I was not aware of the villainies, and deceitful appearances with which it abounds; I looked

upon every man with the eye of friendſhip; and thought myſelf bound to relieve diſtreſs in whatever ſhape it might preſent itſelf to me. I left my father's manſion, to viſit and ſtay awhile in the metropolis (London.) Novice as I was to the deluſiare cuſtoms of mankind, it was impoſſible that I ſhould avoid falling a prey to the artful and deſigning. Being known to be the only heir to a large fortune at the death of my father, my company was courted by numbers, who in general, profeſſing a ſincere attachment to me, won upon my unſuſpecting nature, and led me into innumerable ſcenes of diſſipation, which not only impaired my health, but my purſe alſo. It was a long time e'er I had any idea of the intentions of theſe bloodſuckers; and when, at laſt I did, through the means of a perfidious friend, gain ſome inſight into their views, I was much involved in difficulties, having ſpent all the money I had recieved from my father, which was a conſiderable ſum, and contracted debts to a large amount. In this predicament *Charles Villers*, my pretended friend, adviſed me to leave town privately and fly to my father, whom, from my repreſentations of him, he ſaid he had not a doubt would extricate me from my preſent diſagreeable ſituation. I followed his advice, and requeſted Villers to accompany me, which he did. We accordingly, with all the expedition in our power, departed for my paternal reſidence, where arriving we were well received. I poſtponed for the preſent, however, informing my father of my ſituation, and reſolved to let a day or two elapſe previous to my breaking the ſubject to him.

A CARD.

A FRIEND to juſtice and poetical merit, is ſorry to have occaſion to requeſt A. R. the *apparent* author of a copy of verſes on the death of a young lady, inſerted in the laſt number of this Magazine, to reſtore, through ſome proper medium, *eight lines*, of that affecting elegy, to their *right* owner,—beginning at "*Regretted Suſan*," &c. as it was a "*regretted ſtranger*," they were originally compoſed for, and inſerted in the "Baltimore Intelligencer" near two years ago, by a friend to the *merits* of the *real* author, who is *A young Female Muſe*.

☞ How often is the fable of *The Daw in borrowed feathers*, realized!

A BAPTISMAL SERMON

will be delivered in the *New Jeruſalem Temple* in this city, on the next Sabbath, (commonly called Trinity Sunday) at half paſt 10 o'clock, A.M. from Matthew 28, chap. 19.

KOTZEBUE.

KOTZEBUE, the celebrated German Dramatiſt, was born at *Weimar*, in Saxony; a city which has long been conſidered as the moſt refined in Germany, as far as relates to the manners of the inhabitants. It is at preſent famous for its ſeminary for the education of young men of rank, affording the ſtudents the double advantage of acquiring the moſt extenſive erudition, and of improving their manners by a conſtant intercourſe with the court of the reigning duke, one of the moſt poliſhed at this time in Europe. Kotzebue's predilection for the drama diſplayed itſelf while he was very young; for in his youth he not only wrote, but performed in ſeveral private theatres, though, we believe, he never appeared on any public ſtage.

He was educated under the celebrated Profeſſor Muſæus, early betook himſelf to the profeſſion of the law, which he practiſed with conſiderable ſucceſs, filling various eminent ſtations, till at length he became Preſident of the High College of Juſtice in the Province of Livonia, where, at his leiſure moments, he wrote many of his dramatic writings, as well as other miſcellaneous compoſitions. The cabals of a powerful party in Livonia, who envied his ſuperior talents, compelled him, after ſome years, to reſign his profeſſional ſituation; when, fortunately for the admirers of genius and learning, he reſolved to devote himſelf entirely to literary purſuits, and accordingly repaſſed to the court of Vienna, where he was ſhortly afterwards appointed Dramatiſt and Director of the Imperial Theatre: an office which he has ever ſince filled with pleaſure to himſelf and the higheſt ſatisfaction the Emperor, under whom he has been thus honorably to employed.

[*European Magazine, July* 1799.]

NEW THEATRE—BALTIMORE

SIGHS, *or the Daughter.*

On Friday evening, 30th ultimo, this excellent play was performed before a crouded audience. For good ſentiments and a novel kind of humor, this piece falls ſhort of none of Kotzebue's productions as yet repreſented on this ſtage—with *Adelbert* by Mr. Wood, no one could be diſſatisfied; and nothing could pleaſe more than the Hans William of *Cooper*, ſave the Joſephine of Mrs. *Merry*. Bernard in *Tilman Totum* was quite at home

Much credit is due to Mr. Francis for his taſte in prepar-

ing the Pantomime of *Harlequin Free Maſon*, from which every one appeared to receive much ſatisfaction as well as pleaſure. Maſter Harris was much applauded in the recitation of the Grecian Fabuliſt; and we cannot help noticing the progreſs he makes (under the tuition of Mr. Francis) in dancing, ſo that he promiſes in time to be of eſſential ſervice to the theatre.

MACBETH.

On Monday night laſt, Mr. Cooper gave to a numerous concourſe of ſpectators, an earneſt of his *tragic* abilities in the repreſentation of *Macbeth*; through the whole of the play he ſupported the character with the utmoſt propriety as to word and action; but made a particular impreſſion on the audience in that ſcene where the ghoſt of Banquo appeared at the Banquet, and Macbeth accoſts him with—

"What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Ruſſian bear,
The armed Rhinoceros or the Hircan tyger,
Take any ſhape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the deſert with thy ſword;
If trembling I inhabit, then proteſt me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible ſhadow!
Unreal mockery, hence!"

Mrs. Merry was inimitable, and performed to admiration; in fact the whole play was as well done as, perhaps, the viſitors of the Baltimore theatre ever witneſſed.

Baltimore.

NEWS.

A treaty has taken place between Ruſſia and Portugal, which, it ſeems, has given great umbrage to the king of Spain, in conſequence it is reported, that a combined French and Spaniſh army is on its march againſt the Portugueſe; this, however is not poſitively confirmed.—Bonaparte has requeſted a loan of Amſterdam, but accounts from that quarter do not encourage the idea of its being ſhortly filled. The ſurety Bonaparte has offered is ſaid to be, many of the jewels formerly belonging to the crown of France and a quantity of wood to be cut in Flanders—Many reports have lately been in circulation of the intended ſailing of the Breſt fleet; an Engliſh ſquadron is off that harbor waiting for them. When the laſt accounts came away, the legiſlatures of England and Ireland were engaged in adjuſting a general union. A report reached town by yeſterday's eaſtern mail, that Maſſena had captured and killed twenty thouſand Auſtrians—this happened in ſeven different battles—perhaps the mail of to-day may throw ſome light on it. The regiment of Conde has been diſcharged from the pay of Ruſſia, and will go into that of England.

The Preſident of the United States has arrived at the city of Waſhington; this is his firſt tour to the ſouthward.

Mr. Callender, author of a work entitled "*The Proſpect before us*" has been arreſted in Virginia under the Sedition Law.

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The workmen upon the canal at the Iſle of Dogs, (Eng.) found at the depth of ſix feet, a ſpur of uncommon dimenſions; it meaſured 11 inches from ſhank to ſhank; it was quite black, but, on examination, the man who found it diſcovered it to be pure gold. Sir Henry Banks purchaſed it for 35 guineas. A few days afterwards they came to a horſe, about the ſame depth, ſtanding erect in a perfect ſtate.—On being expoſed to the air, however, it fell to pieces. The conjecture is that it muſt have ſtood there ſome hundred years.

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A cheſt has been ſent from Bengal by a French Phyſician to the Muſeum of Natural Hiſtory at Paris. It was brought from Denmark by the Miniſter Gronvelle; it contained a great quantity of inſects, 150 of which have not yet been deſcribed by any Naturaliſt.

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Mr. Fox is engaged in writing the hiſtory of England, from the reſtoration to the revolution.

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General Berthier, Bonaparte's conſtant companion of the Army of Reſerve, ſerved in America with the French troops during the laſt war.

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MARRIAGE.

MARRIED, on Sunday evening laſt, by the reverend Mr. Richards, *Mr. William Everard*, merchant, of this city, to *Miſs Eliza Ann Mills*, daughter of John Mills, eſquire, of the ſtate of New York.

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The editor is ſorry that the anſwer of "E. O." to the criticiſm of "L." did not reach him ſooner, as previous arrangements rendered it impoſſible to inſert it this week—it will however poſitively appear in the next number of the Magazine.

The following verses are calculated to reduce to a just ratio that ridiculous kind of composition so much in vogue among the novelists and poetasters of late years. It is necessary to premise that lord Hoppergollop has left his Cook at his country manſion, and that ſhe is in love with the gardner.

COLD blows the blaſt :—the night's obſcure ;
The manſion's crazy wainſcots crack :
The ſun had ſunk :—and all the moor,
Like ev'ry other moor,—was black.

Alone, pale, trembling, near the fire,
The lovely Molly Dumpling ſat,
Much did ſhe fear, and much admire,
What Thomas, gard'ner, could be at.

Liſtening, her hand ſupports her chin :
But, ah ! no foot is heard to ſtir,
He comes not from the garden in ;
Nor he, nor little bobtail cur.

They cannot come, ſweet maid, to thee !
Fleſh, both of cur and man, is graſs !
And what's impoſſible can't be ;
And never, never, comes to paſs !

She paces through the hall antique,
To call her Thomas from his toil ;
Opes the huge door ;—the hinges creak ;—
Becauſe the hinges wanted oil.

Thrice, on the threſhold of the hall,
She "Thomas" cried, with many a ſob ;
And thrice on Bobtail did ſhe call,
Exclaiming ſweetly—"Bob ! Bob ! Bob !"

Vain maid ! a gard'ner's corpſe, 'tis ſaid,
In anſwers can but ill ſucceed ;
And, dogs that hear when they are dead
Are very cunning dogs indeed !

Back through the hall ſhe bent her way,
All, all was ſolitude around !
The candle ſhed a feeble ray,—
Though a large mould of four to th' pound.

Full cloſely to the fire ſhe drew ;
Adown her cheek a ſalt tear ſtole ;
When, lo ! a coffin out there flew,
And in her apron burnt a hole !

Spiders their buſy death-watch tick'd ;
A certain ſign that fate will frown,
The clumſy kitchen clock, too, click'd ;
A certain ſign it was not down.

More ſtrong and ſtrong her terrors roſe ;—
Her ſhadow did the maid appal ;—
She trembled at her lovely noſe,—
It look'd ſo long againſt the wall.

Up to her chamber, damp and cold,
She climb'd lord Hoppergollop's ſtair :—
Three ſtories high, long, dull and old,—
As great lord's ſtories often are.

All nature now appear'd to pauſe ;
And "o'er the one half world ſeem'd dead ;"
No curtain'd ſleep had ſhe ;—becauſe
She had no curtains to her bed.

Liſtening ſhe lay :—with iron din,
The clock ſtruck twelve : the door flew wide ;
When Thomas grimly glided in,
With little Bobtail by his ſide.

Tall, like the poplar, was his ſize ;
Green, green his waiſtcoat was, as leeks ;
Red, red as beet roots were his eyes ;
And pale as turnips were his cheeks !

Soon as the ſpectre ſhe eſpied,
The fear ſtruck damſel faintly ſaid,
"What would my Thomas ?"—he replied,
"O ! Moll Dumpling ! I am dead."

"All in the flower of youth I fell,
Cut off with health's full bloſſom crown'd ;
I was not ill,—but in a well
I tumbled backwards and was drown'd.

"Four fathom deep thy love doth lie ;
His faithful dog his fate doth ſhare ;
We'ere fiends—this is not he and I ;
We are not here,—for we are there.

"Yes ;—two foul water-fiends are we ;
Maid of the Moor ! attend us now !
Thy hour's at hand ;—we come for thee !"
The little fiend cur ſaid "bow wow !"

"To wind her in her cold grave,
A Holland ſheet a maiden likes ;
A ſheet of water thou ſhalt have ;
Such ſheets there are in Holland dykes."

The fiends approach : the maid did ſhrink ;
Swift through the night's foul air they ſpin ;
They took her to the green well's brink,
And, with a ſouſe, they plump'd her in.

Printed by J. B. COLVIN, *at* PECHIN's Printing-Office, *the* corner *of* Gay & Water-ſtreets —*where* Subscriptions *for this* Magazine *are received at* THREE Dollars *per annum.*—*PRINTING of all kinds executed with neatness, elegance and dispatch—and on the* moſt *moderate terms.*